

## SURELY GOOD CAKE

BAKER PROVED THAT FACT BY THE RESULTS.

"Old Ribsy's" Production Possibly Ead for the Consumers, but They Could Not Help From Eating It.

Old Norley half a century ago was reputed the only town in the county where a self-respecting housewife might in case of unexpected company eke out her supply of cake, pie or cookies by purchase instead of borrowing. Elsewhere one must resort to the neighbors. To buy "baker's trash" was to incur a stigma never forgotten. But Josephus Robinson, the Norley baker—better known ironically because of his rotund form as "Old Ribsy"—was a master of the oven whom not even the most experienced and able housewife might wisely scorn.

Only once, indeed, was his superlative product flouted. Young Mrs. Tinkley, Lorenzo Tinkley's ambitious bride, had been a notable cook in the town from which he brought her. She boldly averred that Old Ribsy's "rhymed-rule ordination cake"—the richest, choicest and most famous cake on his list—could not compare with the ordination cake she was herself accustomed to compound, by Grandmother Hartingale's recipe, brought from England.

Her boast was repeated to Old Ribsy, who listened unperturbed. Only after many repetitions was he sufficiently moved from his comfortable calm to offer a rejoinder.

"We'll," he drawled at last, "I ain't a doubt Mrs. Tinkley's an extra good cook, an' so most like was her Gran'ma Hartingale before her. Nor I ain't saying that cake o' hers ain't an extra good cake. Give credit where credit's due, says I, an' everybody I've ast about that cake says it's good."

"But likewise they tell me they don't but just take a teeny piece an' a few nibbles, because they 'spiced first taste 'twas too rich to be wholesome. Yes, sir, an' nary one helped twice!"

"Now, so's my ordination cake too rich to be wholesome, more'n a mossel or so, but when folks have savored their first bite they don't remember! I warn 'em fair, but they don't remember; they just eat!"

"When Mrs. Tinkley can p'int to as many colles an' dyspepsys following a party with her cake as Doctor Pedley'll testify having tended after one with mine, why, mebbe I'll h'st my cap to Gran'ma Hartingale an' retire from business."

"Yes, sir, I always warn 'em 'tain't good for their stomachs—I warn 'em fair when they order; but they just will have it."

"Doctor Pedley an' me, we've often confabbed together about the foolishness of folks in stuffing richness. All is, if any fool feller wants to make himself sick, there ain't anything more wuth while doin' it for than my rhymed-rule ordination cake, if I do say so."—Youth's Companion.

### A Convenient Rule.

The editor of a newspaper published in a small town in New Jersey frequently received from one of its citizens letters on municipal affairs that were always pertinent and worthy of publication, but which were punctuated in a way that was most peculiar.

Meeting his correspondent on the street one day, he said, "That was an excellent letter I received from you this morning, Uncle Hugh, and I'm going to print it in this week's paper. But tell me, what rule do you follow for punctuation?"

"Why," replied Uncle Hugh, "the same rule as I was taught when I was a boy. I put a semicolon every twelve words and two commas between each pair of semicolons."—Youth's Companion.

### Wishbones as Playthings.

Wishbones have found a more exalted mission than enabling romantic young persons to tell which one is going to get married first. A ribbon trimmed box containing 25 wishbones was sent from a boarding house to a New York hospital ward the other day.

"The children down there make furniture out of them," said the giver. "The nurses keep those that are able to sit up in bed busy at something part of the time. They make funny little houses and the furniture for them. In fashioning the furniture they find the wishbones especially adaptable, so anybody who has only the price of a chicken can at least help the hospitals along to the extent of a wishbone."

### Here's a New Word.

Former Judge James Lawrence coined a new word in an address to the circuit court the other day. He was trying to show the improbability of the situation or of the circumstances that had been set forth by the opposition. After an elaborate review of the evidence, he said:

"I do not need to point out to you the absolute improbability, not to say impossibility, of any such 'situations' obtaining in the case now on hearing."—Cleveland Leader.

### Decalogueing It.

"When a woman marries and then divorces her husband inside of a week, what would you call it?" "Taking his name in vain."—Princeton Tiger

## FEED FOR WINTERING STOCK

Numerous Catch Crops to Supplement Hay When Lateral Is Failure —Soy Beans for Silo.

On many farms where the number of animals raised on the farm and kept through the winter is dependent upon the amount of hay harvested, the farmer is unable to winter all of his stock when the hay crop is a failure unless he grows catch crops to supplement his hay crop.

Oats and peas make a very good catch crop and will produce a large amount of palatable and nourishing hay.

Corn fodder makes an excellent catch crop and affords abundance of rough feed, although corn that is allowed to reach a more mature condition will afford the most nourishment.

Millet is another excellent catch crop and will thrive under a wide variety of conditions, but like most other crops will produce better crops when it is raised on land that contains an abundance of plant food.

Barley and peas are very valuable for fall feeding and may be cut late and cured for hay the same as oats and peas. This mixed crop may be used for silaging purposes until late in November. Rape is a member of the turnip family and makes an excellent late forage crop for sheep and hogs any many farmers pasture it with young cattle but it is not adapted for feeding dairy cattle, owing to the danger of its giving the milk a bad odor, similar to that imparted by the turnip when fed in large quantities.

Soy beans are recommended highly as an economical source of protein and may be grown in most sections of the country where live stock is fed. Many fall with this crop because they do not wait for the ground to become warm before they sow the crop. Soy beans may be drilled, planted in hills or in rows.

On farms where there is a silo they will do well when sowed in the corn field and run into the silo with the corn crop. It improves the food value of the ensilage and has no bad results.

## KEEPING COWS OUT OF PONDS

Dairymen Make Big Mistake in Allowing Animals to Drink Dirty, Stagnant Water.

Many men who think they are good farmers allow their cows to drink all summer from any old pond that happens to contain enough water.

No matter how filthy it is, or how warm or contaminated by vegetable growth or droppings from the animals themselves, so long as it is water.

A greater error never was made. You cannot get good milk or butter from dirty pond water.

The cow is a wonderful milking machine and she often transforms some pretty poor stuff into milk, but if she is given nothing but dirty, stagnant pond water all her powers of alchemy cannot turn it into a fluid fit for children to drink.

There is one way, however, in which pond water may be used to advantage, but it is not to allow animals to go into it or drink from it directly.

A pond on the Oklahoma station farm holds a million gallons and supplies 100 head each of cattle and hogs. It drains a large area which is on a hill to the barns and feed lots. That is different.

As it runs from the faucet it is as clear as the average well water and it tastes good.

The cost of building the pond and of piping the water about one-third of a mile was about \$400. Barring usual accidents it should cost nothing for repairs and it does not cost a cent to operate it.

There are many localities where the ground is more or less hilly where this system of supplying water could very easily be adopted without great cost.

### The Science of Farming.

If the world's attention determines the importance of a science, then the science of farming is receiving deserved recognition. For the world is certainly giving much attention to the farm and the people who work upon it. This is not to be wondered at, for upon the farm and its products depend all other industries. Without this science all other things must fail, whereas the farmer could, if necessary, make a fairly good shift at doing without all the rest.

Knowing how is just as valuable on the farm as in any other branch of industry. The subject of "Dry Farming" is an illustration very much in point. One man experimented until he learned the secret and as a result many people have profited. What he learned does not seem very wonderful, but it was the thing needed to be known, and in the semi-arid west, where crops are being grown by this method, they deem it quite an achievement. It always pays to study one's business.

### Palmetto Asparagus.

Palmetto asparagus is the most popular variety for commercial plantations. It is rust-resistant to a large degree and makes a strong, vigorous growth. Columbian White Mammoth is a splendid white variety. Asparagus should be grown more largely for many eastern markets. It nearly always sells readily at good prices and brings the grower a cash return early in the season before many other vegetables are ready for sale. If market conditions are favorable, plan for setting a bed next spring. Grow your own plants, if possible. If not, buy from special growers who produce strong plants free from disease.

## PROMINENT PEOPLE

### NURSE OF KING GEORGE NOW LIVES IN VERMONT



TO HAVE nursed a king is the claim to distinction of Mrs. Ann Roberts, who is living in the little village of Poultney, Vermont. Few persons in that part of the country knew of the fact that a foster mother of a king lived among them until Edward VII ascended the throne. Then it was noised about that it was at the breast of Mrs. Roberts, who was living with her brother, Richard W. Edmunds in Poultney, that George got his first food.

Right away Mrs. Roberts became a person of interest in all New England and many curious persons have called to see her. She had lived a retired life for years and did not relish the fact that she had been thrown into the limelight.

To interviewers, however, she explained how it was that the new king of England became her charge on the day of his birth on June 2, 1855. Regarding her experience she said:

"Soon after my departure from my own home, for I had left my own child to be nursed and cared for by an older sister, who, with servants, also managed the household, my baby was taken ill, but the fact was concealed from me. One of the royal doctors called to see her every morning at my home, but she passed away on the eighth day and I was told that my beautiful child was dead.

"I shall never forget that hour! The cruel news brought me instantly to my knees on the floor of the royal nursery, and it seemed to me that I would never again move from that position, for I felt that I had been transformed into a block of cold and inanimate marble on the instant. Yes, my little girl's death was a sad blow to me, but having accepted such grave duties, I realized that family troubles should there be any, would never be suffered to come to my ears until it became quite imperative that they should.

"The loss of my own beautiful child had that effect on me regarding my little charge that I almost grew to believe that he was really and truly my own child. I was kept in this position for about 11 months, and when my services were no longer required King Edward, at that time prince of Wales, sent for me from the nursery and was pleased to tell me that I had not only won his own esteem and that of his beautiful princess, but was also esteemed and respected by all the royal household.

"This heavy gold brooch that I am now wearing was then presented to me by Princess Alexandra herself, and she then told me that I was privileged at all times to refer to the little prince as 'my boy.'"

### KNAPP HAS BIG TASK TO ENFORCE RAIL LAW



aims of congress.

It is the new railroad law that gives Mr. Knapp and his associates on the commission much concern these days. As chairman Mr. Knapp naturally will be in the thickest of the fray. While the railroads are not expected to give battle they are always fighting for their rights and have brainy men looking out for their interests. On the other hand, are the shippers. Here's where the complaints come from and the most trouble develops.

Mr. Knapp went to the summer White House at Beverly, Mass., a few days ago and had a conference with President Taft concerning the new law.

President Taft went exhaustively into the provisions of the new law with the chairman and later earnestly pointed out that there need be no apprehension that the commission will run amuck or that the new law will be used to club indiscriminately all railroads that propose an advance in rates.

The law, the president pointed out, was not passed for the purpose of lowering rates, or even of holding all rates where they are at the time of the passage of the law, but rather for the purpose of equalizing rates and keeping them so far as possible in tune with business conditions at all times.

Mr. Knapp, whose duty it will be to guide the commission in its work of carrying out the Taft plan, is a native of New York. He was born at Spaford, November 6, 1843. He was first appointed a member of the Interstate

Commerce commission in 1891 by President Harrison; reappointed by President Cleveland in 1897, and again selected for the position by President Roosevelt in 1902. He was a lawyer of note before entering the government service and is regarded as one of the most genial of public officials in Washington.

### SOLDIER OF FORTUNE MUST GO TO PRISON



IN any way with the enforcement of the penalty to be inflicted upon Pittman unless the Nicaraguans should decide to put him to death as they did Fonce and Cannon recently.

In the pen pictures of these adventurers drawn by novelists like Richard Harding Davis is presented a life that nearly every American boy who has the real red blood would like to lead. To be a soldier of fortune would be about the height of the ambition of seven out of ten youths from 12 to 20 years of age.

Think of joining a filibuster expedition and starting out to overthrow a government. Sounds nice doesn't it? But the experiences of three American youths in Central America recently have been anything but pleasant.

Pittman has been found guilty of conspiracy against the government of Nicaragua by a court martial. He was captured by the Madriz army recently and was charged with laying mines for the revolutionists. Pittman has led a life of adventures since boyhood. When 15 years old he left his home in Massachusetts and has returned home but for brief periods of time. He served six months in the Boer war in Africa, herded sheep in Australia, spent some time in Mexico and was a member of the crew of the United States transport McPherson when that ship was wrecked off Matanzas, Cuba.

### CINCINNATI WOMAN IN FIGHT AGAINST KISSING



every day which can be cited as coming from kisses, and kissing has come to be not a mere popular salute, but a terrible evil that must be stamped out. Furthermore, she says her efforts have led hosts to forego osculatory pleasures.

"People should remember that kissing is merely the habit of centuries. There was a time when all the world kissed everybody they met," said Mrs. Rechlin. "There was a time when kissing was quite the thing, but that day has passed. I think that kissing should be done away with entirely. It is essential to the welfare of the people of this nation to have the anti-kiss pledges worn by every school girl and school boy in this country before very long."

A special campaign for each month has been mapped out by the Anti-Kissing league.

Mrs. Rechlin said many prospective June brides had joined the organization. On their wedding day, these brides wore the club badge in full view.

"The custom of kissing a bride on her wedding day is most dangerous," said Mrs. Rechlin severely.

"Er—do you mean a bridegroom should not—er—salute his bride?" asked her visitor.

"I mean that the relatives and wedding guests should not kiss the bride and subject her to risk of getting consumption," returned the foe of osculation.

In August fathers and mothers will be urged not to kiss their babies.

In September teachers will implore their pupils to abjure kissing.

October, the less kissing the less hazardous the work of street cleaners and laundresses; so the organization will seek members on the highways and in the laundries.

In November women belonging to church clubs, card clubs and literary clubs will be asked to join and to wear their badges at club meetings.

"And in December, with its Christmas weddings, we shall turn our attention to lovers," said the president.

"My life for just one kiss," sounds thrilling in romance and poetry. But disillusion is found in the hospitals, whence lovers follow each other to the grave in a few short months."

## TO RESTORE HISTORIC FORT

Ancient Stronghold in Mexico, Once Captured by Scott's Army, Is Being Rebuilt.

The ancient and historic fortress of Perote that stands upon the windswept plains of Apam, in the vicinity of Jalapa, Mexico, is being rehabilitated by the Mexican government, with a view to garrisoning it again and equipping its battlements with modern guns.

A number of daring Texans who were in the ill-fated Mier expedition in the early days of that border commonwealth had good cause to remember Perote. It was in this grim and desolate fortress that they were confined and made to undergo the most terrible of hardships.

General Scott's army of Americans captured this fort in the war with Mexico. It occupies a strategic position, commanding the narrow pass that leads from the plains through the mountains. When General Scott's forces emerged from this pass on their march from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico, they were subjected to a hot fire from the guns of the fort, but the aim of the gunners was bad and the invaders kept on their way. General Scott demanded the surrender of the garrison of the fort. The Mexican commander refused to accede to the demand. General Scott is said to have sent word to the obstinate Mexican officer that he and his soldiers could stay in the fort as long as they wanted to; that it was not worth fighting for. The American army cut off the source of food supplies from the garrison and in a few days an offer came from the Mexican commander to surrender. It was accepted by General Scott, and a garrison of American soldiers replaced the Mexican.

### Teaching Our Daughters.

Logic, impersonality, magnanimity, qualities which result from close and constant contact with men and facts, various and many, are qualities noticeably lacking in the average feminine make-up. The old-fashioned ornamental education of women, a smattering of literature, a few accomplishments, a little general knowledge of a half-dozen subjects, was surely not calculated to remedy the deficiency. The ornamental education is being slowly but surely ousted. The day is approaching, if, indeed, it is not here, when any girl who doesn't receive a college education will feel that it is as great a disadvantage to her as it is to man to forego the university. Whether or not we educate our girls for self-support, we educate them for knowledge, resource, character, ability, power. It is important that the mothers of the race should have these qualities to hand now.—Harper's Bazar.

### All New Stuff Is Old.

Every now and then somebody sends in a line about how some new song is stolen from an old one. Why talk about it. Most of 'em are. We've all noted how George Cohan's "I'm a Yankee Doodle Dandy" is a steal from "Every Morn I Bring Thee Violets." We have traced "After the Ball" back to "Little Fisher Maiden." We have even suggested that Sousa's "Washington Post March" was a parody of "Old Hundred." And we made a lifelong enemy of a German friend by insisting that Wagner stole a Parsifal motif from "Forsaken."

But, say! Do you remember the old waltz we used to sway to, about 20 years ago—the words we hummed to it being: "My arm around her slender waist, Her little hand in mine?" Yes! Got the air in your head? Now sing "Old Heidelberg, Old Heidelberg, Thy Sons Shall Ne'er Forget." Reward offered for a new air.

### Japanese Is Hardest to Learn.

The Japanese language is claimed to be the hardest of all to learn. Even the Japanese find it hard, and several American army officers have found it impossible to master it. It takes the Japanese child seven years to learn the essential parts of the alphabet, and one must become familiar with 214 signs to learn this simple part of the language alone. The 214 signs serve as the English initial letters in our alphabet. To be able to read any of the higher class of Japanese newspapers one must be the master of from 2,500 to 3,000 ideographs.—Albany Journal.

### Became Household Word.

An old doctor was operated on in a hospital in Berlin. On leaving he was sympathized with and pitied by all his old friends who met him, for his hair had suddenly turned white as snow. The truth of the matter was that Foxy Grandpa had no chance to dye his hair in the hospital. So when he got out he made the most of the matter with the first person he met, and became so famous that he was appointed one of the king's physicians and died rich, and his name, like the prisoner of Chillon, became a household word.—New York Press.

### Natural Phenomena.

"I wonder why is the weather vane?" "For the same reason, I suppose, that the dog wood or the tin roof spouts."

### A Beauty Secret.

"What do you do to keep your hands so beautiful?" asked the rural maid. "Why," replied the fair summer boarder, "I do nothing."

## NAB ENGLISH THIEF

HOW THE POLICE RECOGNIZED OLD CROOK.

Wilts When His Picture Is Taken From the Rogue's Gallery—Has Committed Many Theft.

New York.—"Demme, sir, I'm the right man," said William H. Jarvis when confronted in police headquarters with a picture of himself taken by the Scotland Yard authorities.

Jarvis is the distinguished looking Englishman arrested at the Gilesey house, charged with unlawfully entering a room.

"You will pardon me, Mr. Jarvis, for submitting you to this ordeal, but it is a rule of the department," said Inspector McCafferty apologetically, as he paraded the prisoner before the masked detectives.

"Say, boss, don't apologize to that old guy," interrupted Lieut. William Brown. "His picture is in the gallery and he has served several bits."

Jarvis's indignations gave forth a Vesuvius blast. He was an English gentleman, he declared. He would have the embassy down on the police. His protest was so severe even Inspector McCafferty was inclined to go slow.

"Here's his very mug," said Brown, producing Jarvis's picture.

At police headquarters, when they know they are right, they make prisoners stand out and deliver. Inspector McCafferty says the picture made Jarvis wince.

"Well, demme, sir, I'm the right man," he finally said, twirling his fine mustache.

Inspector McCafferty became jubilant, for in Jarvis they had captured the most versatile and picturesque thief of two continents.

Jarvis's real name is Walter, and not William. In 1899 he won international fame through his arrest in the Hotel Cecil, London. He was caught in the room of a Brooklyn man. When taken to the police station Jarvis said, "I went to the hotel to visit a lady, Mrs. Sadler Jackson."

The police found Mrs. Sadler Jackson at the hotel. She admitted that Jarvis had visited her there frequently, although she was a married woman.

The scandal aroused all England. The country divided itself—some defending Mrs. Jackson for sacrificing herself to save Jarvis, and the many condemning Jarvis for implicating a woman. There was a sensation when it was disclosed that Mrs. Jackson was Jarvis's sister.

Twelve years before that Jarvis had been arrested and sentenced to four months' imprisonment in Cork, Ireland. His father disowned and disinherited him, and upon his death left \$20,000 to Mrs. Sadler on condition that she reassume the family name of Jackson.

Jarvis was given a three months' sentence for the Hotel Cecil act. Then he disappeared. It is said he served in the Boer war.

A year ago Jarvis appeared in New York. He went to live at 217 West One Hundred and Twenty-second street, in the home of Ivers Bachelor. He was introduced to the latter as a rich Englishman.

Miss Laura Fogley, who lives at the Hotel Gilesey heard some one enter the room of O. L. Sherer next to hers, and, knowing Mr. Sherer was not home, opened the door and confronted Jarvis and another man.

Jarvis and the young man hurried down the corridor and disappeared. Miss Fogley gave the alarm, and Jarvis was caught downstairs but his companion escaped.

### WOMAN FIGHTS BIG SNAKE

Uses Buggy Whip in Battle to Save a Squab From the Rep-tile.

Petersburg, Ind.—Mrs. Wes Brenton living three miles east of here, fought with a big snake measuring over four feet long, and finally killed it. She went to the barn with Miss Edith Vance to look at some squabs and found the big snake in a pigeon's nest. The reptile had swallowed one squab whole and another partly.

Mrs. Brenton grabbed a buggy whip and struck at the snake, which showed fight. She continued to ply the whip and sent Miss Vance to the house for a gun, with which she shot the snake twice. On cutting open the snake the last pigeon swallowed was found to be alive and it is being kept as a relic.

### Dog Saves Tots From Bear.

Altoona, Pa.—Defending its master's three young children against an infuriated bear, whose cubs the children had found in the woods, a small pet dog was torn into ribbons near the home of S. B. Waite, who lives on the mountain near Tyrone. The three children, the eldest only nine years old, while on their way along a mountain trail to visit an aunt, stumbled upon the cubs in the brush and picked one up to play with it. A moment later the mother bear came crashing through the brush. Seeing the danger to his young charges, the little dog gave battle, while the children ran home in fright. Mr. Waite and his neighbors at once went to the spot, hoping to find the dog still alive, but found his body ripped to pieces by the bear's claws. The faithful animal was buried, his grave surrounded by a marker reading: "He was only a dog, but he died for his little friends."